The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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GOD'S ENCOMPASSING PRESENCE

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, even so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even forever." So sang the Psalmist (125: 2), and his audience believed it more thoroughly than do we today! Yet it is just as true now as when it was written and sung in the temple. To the Hebrews God was a real personage, but today some of us have so long regarded Him as an influence or a far-off being that we find it hard to think of Him as being close to us. He may not speak to us directly as He did to the prophets of old; He may not reveal Himself to us by direct intervention: yet He is the same loving Father and Companion. If we read and believe Psalm 103: 13, we never will think of Him in any way other than as a loving Father and Counselor.

It is of the companionship of God that I would speak. There are earthly parents who, while they dearly love the children that God has committed to their care, and do all in their power to make them happy, are kept by inclination or press of other matters from being real friends and companions of these children. Again, there are other parents who encourage their children to consider them as companions and who share in their games and pursuits. Fortunate indeed are the boys and girls who feel that their parents are interested in whatever concerns them. Such children seldom drift away from the teachings of the home. Now, God is the Companion and the Counselor of His children to an even greater extent than is any earthly parent, and He is anxious that we shall consider Him our best Friend.

The Psalmist used a beautiful simile when he said, "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, even so the Lord is round about His people." The city of Jerusalem is located on a spur of tableland 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean Sea and 3,800 feet above the Dead Sea. It is surrounded and protected by three mountains—the Mount of Olives, Mount Moriah and Mount Zion. They completely secure the safety of the city, and its inhabitants regard the stately sentinels as their friends and almost reverence them. So, when the Psalmist compared God's presence and companionship to the surrounding presence of the mountains the people realized the security in which they lived.

Has God changed? Is He not willing to surround us still with His loving presence? God loves us and cares for us with the same solicitude and consideration that characterized Him in the days of the prophets, and He would have us apply this Psalm to our lives today. He is ever ready to shield us with His presence. The degree of love and companionship depends upon us entirely.

When the Children of Israel were traveling in the Wilderness, Jehovah said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest" (Exodus 33: 14). Appreciating the safety that thus would be assured and also the danger should this not be this case, Moses replied, "If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence!" Even so God comes to us and promises His loving and abiding companionship. Shall we refuse to accept the gracious presence? Shall we not rather open the doors of our hearts and welcome the loving Father? May we not make the following prayer our own and use it as the aspiration of our lives?

* * *

"Our Heavenly Father, we do most earnestly plead for Thy divine presence with us. We would not undertake anything without knowing that Thy guiding hand directs every move, nor without the whisper of Thy loving voice in our hearts telling us Thy will for our lives. Be Thou our Companion and Counselor; then shall we accomplish all things according to Thy will. —*Rev. Alan Pressley Wilson.*

FREEDOM COMES SLOWLY TO WOMEN OF ARABIA

INTO the harem of Arabia emancipation of woman creeps at a snail's pace. Secluded behind veil and lattice, these prisoners of the East spend their monotonous lives smoking, gossiping and awaiting the pleasure of their masters, while their sisters of Turkey and India tear aside their veils and bonds.

According to Ameen Rihani, the Arabian poet and writer, education rather than social agitation is slowly bringing freedom to the Arabian harem, but it is noticeable at present only in Syria and Palestine, the Far North of Arabia.

"When an Arab becomes wealthy and wishes to rise in the social scale," explained Mr. Rihani, "he immediately veils and secludes his women. He becomes conservative. Some exclusive families never let their women leave the house at all."

It is also the wealthy Arab, he said, who disregards the Koranic edict concerning the number of wives he may have. Although frequent divorce tends to keep down the number of legal wives, the wealthy Arab not only exceeds this but unlimits himself as to concubines.

MAHOMET AGAINST POLYGAMY

"The Prophet Mahomet revolted against polygamy," said Mr. Rihani. "He said that one wife was enough. But he lived when the Arabs were barbarians and had as many wives as they could support. He was wise and knew that the Arab would never obey if he insisted on one wife only. He told them, therefore, to take four wives, and if they could not be just to them to content themselves with one. That is the Koranic edict.

"Unfortumately, this rule is abused, as is Mahomet's edict concerning the freeing of slaves.

"Slaves are imported from Egypt and the Sudan. The girls become servants of Arab wives, and if they are attractive they are taken into the harem. The prophet admonished kindness of treatment for slaves and to free them whenever possible. The freeing of a slave gives a Mahometan so many years' indulgence after he is dead.

"The slave girl who becomes a mother is automatically freed. Her child is legitimate and her master cannot then sell her again as a chattel. One thing we want is to see the end of slavery in Arabia. I would emphasize, however, that slaves are treated kindly as a rule, and often educated."

INTRODUCING NEGRO BLOOD

Some years ago a number of Armenian Christian girls were sold in slavery and embraced Islam. Mr. Rihani, in his book on Ibn Saud, tells how some of these girls, famous for their white skin, were bought by Saud for his harem. He in turn gave several of them away as presents to his friends.

When Mr. Rihani was visiting Ibn Saud in his palace, he was accorded the privilege of meeting his host twice in the harem. No women were present, of course, and on the approach of the men scuttled out of sight like frightened animals.

"Concubinage and slavery have given rise to a condition which is socially and politically bad, resulting in intrigue and degradation," said Mr. Rihani. "It has been the cause of injecting a great deal of colored blood into Arab stock. Since it is not possible to enslave an Arab, the slaves, coming from Abyssinia and the Sudan, are of negro origin.

"They become concubines in important families, and although their children are of mixed blood, they are legitimate sons of the master. Often of strong character and good physical appearance, these half-bloods make themselves serviceable in the courts and households and rise to big positions. For instance, the house of Adrizi, rulers of Asir, descendants of the prophet Mahomet, are preponderantly of colored blood."

DIVORCE NOT EASY

The Arab woman is married while very young, sometimes at 9 years of age. She must have a "dot" of clothing and jewelry, or money. The country or desert bride sometimes brings gifts of cattle or camels to her husband if she is wealthy.

When the bride enters the harem, in many cases she must become the personal servant of her mother-in-law for at least one year. On the other hand, a favored bride will use her advantage and compel other wives and concubines to do her bidding. The mother of sons has the greatest prestige, girls being of little account. No Arabian woman is allowed divorce, although she may and does run away from her husband.

"The husband cannot divorce his wife at a moment's notice, as is generally believed," explained Mr. Rihani. "A husband must declare to his wife that she is divorced at a certain time, say, the first of the month. He must then wait another month and repeat his intention. At the beginning of the third month, if he is still the same mind, he declares himself a third time and the wife must pack up and go to her home.

"The reason for this is to prevent divorce in a moment of sudden anger and ascertain if a child is to be born, in which case, arrangements must be made for its care. The husband must support a divorced wife until she marries again. Her marriage portion goes toward this, but if it is insufficient, the husband must make it up.

Desert Women Fairly Free

"The poor man's harem consists of two or three wives who work in the fields as laborers. I once asked a petty official with a small salary how he managed to keep four wives and several children. He replied that it was an economic necessity, since he must have women to work for him."

According to Mr. Rihani, the women of the desert belonging to the Beduin tribes are fairly free and go unveiled. They even enjoy a certain superiority handed down from the ancient matriarchial state under which the tribes lived at one time.

"Today these women of the plains concern themselves in affairs and take place in the tribal councils. They may be seen shopping in the village fairs and markets, wearing fine garments and huge straw hats. They resemble Mexican women. Although religious tradition demands that no Arab shall wear a hat where the sun is king, religion takes a back seat.

"Now the Arab women of Muscat also enjoy a remarkable freedom compared with their sisters of other parts. Belonging to a liberal Mahommedan sect, they receive male guests at home unveiled. If they meet men on the streets they may invite them home although their own men folk are not present."

New Generation Restive

The emancipation of women in Arabia is coming slowly through education and not through agitation, Mr. Rihani said. The movement is making noticeable headway in the North; that is, Syria, Mesopotamia and Palestine.

"The well educated men in these parts do not as a rule take more than one wife. They mix with Westerners and like it known that they are no longer polygamous. King Faisal has but one wife and his brother Abdullah only two.

"In Beirut, Syria, twenty years ago, there were only about ten Moslem girls attending the French and American schools. Today there are public schools for girls. The Minister of Instruction told me that the last statistics showed that there were from 800 to 900 Moslem girls in schools in Beirut alone.

"Now these girls, when they marry, do not submit to the old conditions, and the fathers who have allowed them to go to school hold more liberal views about women. There are the 'revoltees,' those who are casting aside their veils and insisting on freedom.

"When Moslem girls visit me, I always insist that they shall come unveiled. This has its dangers, however. A girl and her mother, belonging to one of the best families of Damascus, called on me unveiled. Later walking in the Bazaar, a fanatic threw quicksilver in the daughter's face."—*Boston Globe.*

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Chicken Salad.—2½ cups diced cooked chicken, 1 cup diced apple, 2 cups diced celery, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ cup blanched almonds, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup salad dressing, ½ cup stiffly whipped cream. Mix and chill the whipped cream and salad dressing. Mix the rest of the ingredients, which have been thoroughly chilled. Add one half the salad dressing mixture. Serve in cups of crisp lettuce leaves and top with the remaining dressing. Serve at once.

Ham and Potato Salad.—1 cup diced cooked potatoes, 1 cup diced cooked ham, 2 hard-cooked eggs, diced, ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup chopped sweet pickles, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onions, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ½ cup salad dressing. Mix and chill the ingredients, and serve in lettuce cups.

Date Nut Cookies.—1 cup fat, 2 cups dark brown sugar, 4 tablespoons sour milk, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped dates, ⅔ cup chopped nuts, 4 cups flour, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Cream the fat and sugar. Add the sour milk and eggs and beat for two minutes. Add the rest of the ingredients and pack into a greased loaf pan. Chill for 24 hours, or longer. Unmould, and cut off very thin slices of the chilled dough. Cut each slice in half and place three inches apart on greased baking sheets. Bake in a moderate oven for 12 minutes.

Handy Hints

Rinse all dishes having eggs, flour or milk, first in cold water, then wash in hot water.

To avoid scraping carrots, scrub carrots, then boil. When tender, the skins may be rubbed off easily, just like the skins on beets.

To separate a head of lettuce when the leaves are tightly grown together, hold under running water. The force of the water separates leaves without breaking.

To separate seeded raisins, wash under cold faucet and they will come apart readily.

To prevent nuts and fruit from sinking in cake, heat before rolling in flour and adding to cake batter.

To easily remove paraffin from jellies, place a narrow ribbon, tape or string, long enough to extend beyond the jar, across top before pouring on hot paraffin. This will enable you to easily remove it.

When serving baked apples try filling with cream cheese and brown sugar, and sprinkle lightly with shredded cocoanut.

Always hang knives up, or place in a strip of leather; keeps the blades sharp.

Always read over your recipes carefully before beginning to cook to save time and many times disappointment.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Stevens, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

OFFERS

For the following books address Mrs. F. C. Brush, Chairman, 19 High Street, Montclair, N. J.

Ossian's Poems.
Printing for School and Shop.
The Modern Gasoline Automobile (1916).
I. C. S. Handbook—Automobiles (1913).
The Wireless Experimenter's Manual. Elmer Bucher (1920).
Feeds and Feeding (Live Stock Raising). Henry and Morrison (1915).
Principles of Education. Bolton (1910).
Educational Psychology. Thorndike.
Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. Isabella Bird (1880).
Lighted to Lighten—The Hope of India (paper). Alice Van Doren (1922).
Ebenezer, or Divine Deliverances in China. Glover (1905).
The King's Business (1913). A Study for Missionary Societies (paper). Maud Raymond.
The Kingdom and the Nations (paper). Eric North (1921).
Discourses on Some Theological Doctrines as Related to Christian Character. Edward A. Parks (1885).
Paul the Missionary. W. M. Taylor.
In the Wilderness (paper). Charles Dudley Warner.
Caliban—A Shakespeare Masque (paper). Percy MacKaye.
Altruism in Advertising. Lord and Thomas.
Sylvia in Flower Land. Linda Gardiner.
The Sketch Book. Irving.
Macbeth (paper). Shakespeare.
Common Prayer.
Hymns.
The Success of Defeat. Babcock.
The Voice of the Christ Child. Phillips Brooks.
Prophetic Voices Concerning America. Charles Sumner.
The Business Man and His Bank. Kniffin.
China's Challenge to Christianity (paper). Porter.
Triumphant Democracy. Andrew Carnegie.
Marriage. Rev. William Bruce.
The Indicator Handbook. Pickworth.
The North American Almanac (1926).
Seventy-two Master Letters and What Made Them Pay.
Horace. Satires and Epistles. Greenough. (In Latin).
Poetical Works. Ray Palmer.
Holland's Poetical Works.
Comrades of the Mist and Other Rhymes. Wilson.
Roman Pearls and Other Verses. Whicher.
Dewdrops and Sunshine. (Poems about Little Children.) Edited by Newman.

The Poet and His Master and Other Poems. Gilder Gordon.
Pauline (in verse).
Selections from Browning.
The Builders. Longfellow.
O Little Town of Bethlehem. Brooks.
The Newfoundland Fisherman and Other Stories. American Tract Society.
Jesus, the Joyous Comrade. John R. Brown.
The Hebrew Prophets. Chamberlain.
Foreigners in Turkey. Brown.
Decisive Hour of Christian Missions (1911). Mott.
The Ministry (paper). Charles L. Slattery.
Realizing Religion (paper). Shoemaker. (2 copies.)
The Light of the World. Robert Speer.
The Kingship of Self-Control. William Jordan.
The Cambridge Bible Series. Epistle to Romans. Moule.
Menticulture or the A B C of True Living. Fletcher.
The Hidden Secret. Larson.
The Greatest Thing in the World. Drummond.
The Good Old Way (paper). Van Dyke.
Eventide at Bethel. Macduff.
The Good Wine at the Feast's End. Phillips Brooks.
The Symmetry of Life. Phillips Brooks.
The Citizen Soldier. Ridpath.
Intellectual Life. Hamerton.
Like Christ. Murray.
The Eucharistic Offering.
In His Steps (paper). Charles Sheldon.
The Hymnal.
Christmas Carols. Phillips Brooks.
Letters to His Friends. Forbes Robinson.
Character Reading. Mrs. Symes.
Big Brother. Cosy Corner Series. Annie F. Johnston.
Little Bet. Eliza Dean Taylor.
Foul Play. Reade.
In Nesting Time. Olive Thorne Miller.
Practical Lessons in the Use of English. Mary Hyde.
Illustrations of Logic. Lafleur.
Palmistry (paper).
Essay on Burns. Carlyle.
Nursery Ethics. Florence Winterburn.
Illustrated Library of Wonders. Intelligence of Animals.
Out of the Question. W. D. Howells.
University Subjects. Newman.
Beckonings from Little Hands. Patterson DuBois.
Carving and Serving. Mrs. Lincoln.
Library of Oratory. Depew.
Essays of William Hazlitt.
Chafing Dish Recipes. Mrs. Olive Cotton.
Thinking, Feeling, Doing. Chatauqua Series. Scripture.
The Way to Win.—Successful Methods in the Local Church. Fred B. Fisher.
Short History of the Early Church. John F. Hurst, D.D.
Counsel to Christians. George Müller.
Lead Kindly Light. John S. Zelie.
With Christ in the School of Prayer. Murray.
The Necessity of Law. Murray.
Pioneers of Science in America (1896). Youmans.
Treasures of Use and Beauty (1883), History, Recreation.
David, the King of Israel. Krummacher.
The Apostolic Leaders. Blakeslee.
The Child and America's Future (paper). Stowell.
The Golden Fleece. A. L. O. E. (2 copies.)
Countess Gisela. Translated from German by Mrs. Wister.
Admirals of the Caribbean. Francis R. Hart.
Our Country—1885. Rev. Josiah Strong.
Wee Little Willie Story Books. Good Shepherd.
Sesame and Lilies. Ruskin.
When the War Broke Out. A novel (1888). E. A. Rand.
Veronica or The Lighthouse Keeper. By Author of Karl Keigler.
Fairy Frisket or Peeps at Insect Life. A. L. O. E.
A Peep at the Museum (1858). Edited by Rev. J. D. Williamson.
Hard Times. Charles Dickens.
Macbeth. Shakespeare.
When Mother Lets Us Give a Party. Elsie Yale.
The Hand of Fu Manchu. Sax Rohmer.
Harper's Electricity Book for Boys.
The Last Assembly Ball. Mary H. Foote.
Country Byways. S. O. Jewett.
Wallace. By Author of the Rollo books.
The Destiny of America—The Roadbuilder.
History of the War in the Peninsular (1807–1814). Vol. I. Napier.
Daily Meditations. Harrison.
Little Prudy. Sophie May.
Joe's Partner.
At Play. (Dottie Dimple Series.) Sophie May.
Jessica the Heiress. Evelyn Raymond.
Julius Caesar. Shakespeare.
Selections from Point Lace and Diamonds. Illustrated.
Mackerel Will. By Author of Stories for Schoolboys.
Selections from Oliver W. Holmes (paper).
The Cities of Refuge (A Sunday Book for the Young), 1861. Macduff.
Right Living as a Fine Art.
Precept upon Precept. (Series of Early Religious Instruction.)
Lives of the Patriarchs—Outline Lessons from Genesis.

The Pleasures of Life. Lubbock.
Our Mother Church. Simple Talks on High Topics (for girls).
New Testament. (Revised Version.)
Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. William E. Gladstone.
Personal Recollections of Mary Somerville. By daughter.
Summer. A child's book. Dallas Lore Sharp.
Edward Burton. Henry Wood.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Eva Wilson, R. 3, Montrose, Colo., is a great admirer of Harold Bell Wright's books, and wonders if some kind friend will send "The Calling of Dan Mathews." She wishes to compliment someone for sending such a nice bundle of quilt pieces which have worked up in her quilt so well. If more can be spared she can use them, or some crochet thread, as this work appeals very much to her.

2. Mrs. F. E. Olds, Jr., Box 4, Star Rouge, Swatara, Minn., has a small supply of books and magazines that the good *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent her. She says they are "idle," and would like some other lonesome friend to have them. Write to Mrs. Olds if you are interested.

3. I would like very much to get Elizabeth Merriam's address. I want to write to her. I live a long way from town, have four children, and would like some books and embroidery thread. Pearl Conley, Evensville, Tenn.

4. Haven't had any cheer for a long time, and our family has not been very well this spring. Have you any religious books, thread and quilt scraps? My boy, 17, would enjoy some western stories. Thank you for past favors. Your true friend, Mrs. Janie Pruitt, Rupert, Ark.

5. Mrs. John Perter, Smethport, N. C., is very fond of reading. Her invalid daughter likes to make quilts. Any kind of cheer would be appreciated.

6. Will you please publish a word in the *Cheerful Letter* for me? I get so lonely, as I am a shut-in, 63 years old. Good reading would help, and some quilt pieces. Mrs. Hannah Traffanstedt, R. 1, Dawson, Ala.

7. I hope my *Cheerful Letter* friends have not forgotten me. My husband has been sick for two years, and he would enjoy some good books. I would like some embroidery thread and quilt pieces, if it is not asking too much. I have been on your list 15 years, and the things the *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent me have been a great comfort. Mrs. O. D. Saunders, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

8. Mrs. A. C. Shipley, R.1, Coal, Mo., is in poor health and very lonesome, living 15 miles from a church. Will some one please send her some crochet thread and quilt pieces?

9. I would be pleased to have a correspondent. I am a widow, 70 years old, taking care of a grandson, aged 7. We get very lonely for reading matter. I like to piece quilts and embroider on rainy days. Mrs. J. C. Anglin, R. F. D. 3, Spencer, Va.

10. Mrs. Samuel Lemings, Scotland, Ark., lives on a farm far from town, and is anxious to have a correspondent. She also enjoys gardening and would appreciate some flower seeds. She has one boy, aged 4.

11. I have been reading the *Cheerful Letter* and enjoying it very much. I get very tired and lonesome staying at home all the time, because of an invalid aunt, 75 years old, and my 18-months-old little girl. Bits of crochet thread or stamped pieces would help to pass the time. Mrs. Julia May, Brandon, N. C.

12. I want to thank the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends for the cheer and comfort they have sent me. I wish I could write them all personally. I hope they don't forget me and my little grandchildren. Mrs. Alice Barker, Box 77, Springton, W. Va.

13. Mrs. May Hill, Dabney, Ark., is the mother of a girl of one year and a boy of 6. Her husband is in bad health, and they live 45 miles from a railroad town in the Boston Mountains. She finds it so lonesome, and would like some reading material, pieces of cloth and books to amuse the children.

14. I have been a cripple since I was 8 years old, and am now 29. My mother and father are dead, and I am left to do the best I can. I cannot do a great deal, but I would enjoy some quilt scraps and crochet thread. Miss Lena Edmandson, R. 2, Box 68A, Whitetop, Va.

15. Miss Leona Brown, R. 3, Box 3, Bowie, Texas, would like some religious magazines. Perhaps someone will send her copies of *The Christian Register*.

16. I have been sick and lonely, and would like a correspondent and some bits of thread and material for my crippled daughter, who is 12 years old. If it isn't asking too much, perhaps some reader will send me some bulbs. Mrs. Harry C. Nelson, Stoneville, N. C.

17. Mrs. Esther Griffiths, Sturgills, N. C., has a little girl, 11 months, but she gets very lonesome, as her husband is away most of the time. She finds magazines interesting and also quilt pieces, thread and transfer patterns. Her baby would like a toy. She has not heard from any of her friends since she was married.

18. I would enjoy some light reading and sewing material. I am a young girl and like to keep busy. Addie Thomas, R. 2, C/o Mary E. Greene, Riceville, Tenn.

Letters from the following people tell of their interest in *Cheerful Letter* work. They live far from any center and are anxious to correspond with someone. They also make known their desire for quilt scraps, embroidery thread, light reading and pictures or scrapbooks for their children:

Mrs. H. Pope, Crumpler, N. C. Reference, Rev. John Blevins, Jefferson, N. C.

Mrs. Hattie Blevins, Whitetop, Va.

Mrs. Webb Barker, Crumpler, N. C.

Mrs. Estella Bland, Willard, N. C.

Mrs. Ann Carter, R. 2, Chillicothe, Hardman Co., Texas.

Mrs. Maudie Sizemore, Sturgills, N. C.

Pearl Beverage, Dabney, Ark.

Mrs. Nora Franks, R. 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Hardman Co., Texas.

Mrs. Delia Lowe, Tellico Plains, Tenn.

Mrs. Bronnie Cox, R. 2, Polkton, N. C.

Mrs. Ennis Parsons, Lansing, N. C.

Mrs. Essie Eldreth, Othello, N. C.

Pearl Helms, R. F. D. 1, Albemarle, N. C.

In Memoriam

Miss Adella Frink, Rochester Friendly Home, Rochester, N. Y.

Changes of Address

Mrs. Cora Harris, Box 455, Spray, N. C. Formerly Stuart, Va.

Elizabeth Miller, Tuckerdale, N. C., instead of Tuckerman.

BACK TO THE TOWN

I shall go back to the rushing town,
Larger in thought, calmer and more patient.
For a while I shall be able to see more, to listen better,
Because of the birds and the leaves and the prairie roses.
For I have lain in the long, soft grass of the shimmering mesas.
I have slept with the south wind touching my face, caressing my temples;
The wind that has swept the plains with their snowy poppies,
The wind that has rocked the birds in the fragrant cedars.
I have walked in the long, still hours of a meadow twilight.
I have seen gold and lavender mist on the distant mountains.
I have felt the beauty of lofty trees in the redwood forests.
I have felt the stinging rain and the seething desert.
I shall go back to the rushing town,
Larger in thought, calmer and more patient.

—*Rose Henderson.*

ALEXANDER BELL'S YOUTH

Melville Bell was securely established in Edinburgh, and, after an apprentice period, his sons might look forward to a share in his professional work. But Aleck was seeking his own horizon. Under his grandfather's influence he had determined upon teaching as his work, and he decided that he might as well begin. Teaching, teaching anything—teaching for its own sake—amounted to a passion with Bell as long as he lived. He taught as some men compose music, or paint on canvases, or follow the sea, and he was to find his fullest expression in the teaching rôle.

He fired his brother Melville with his own, still secret, ambition, and they watched the "wanted" column of *The Scotsman* for weeks. One day a Mr. Skinner advertised for two pupil teachers for his school in Elgin, Morayshire. One vacancy was for elocution, the other for music. Melville, who had helped with his father's classes, was best equipped to teach elocution. Aleck could play the piano, and anything he could do he could teach. . . .

They drafted their application to Mr. Skinner, omitted their ages (Aleck was now close to sixteen, Melville two years older), and, naïvely assuming that it would never be used, gave as reference the name of the well-known Professor Alexander Melville Bell of Edinburgh!

Mr. Skinner's enquiry presently reached Professor Bell, hastened, no doubt, by the coincidence of names, and, after some dignified adult interchanges, the father, sensible man that he was, let Aleck go to Elgin. It was arranged that the youngster should tutor in both music and elocution! The other lad became his father's assistant in Edinburgh. . . .

Three miles from Elgin was the ruin of Pluscardyn Abbey, ivy-grown, romantic, deserted. It was Bell's favorite haunt. The old walls, open to the sky, enclosed a soft grass plot where a cloister had been. The roof had gone, probably, with the lead roofs of other Scottish abbeys and cathedrals to swell the national revenue under the debatable economies of the Regent Morton. The tower threw a little shade, and in the stillness there was the harmony of some amiable brotherhood, long scattered. It was a pleasant place to be after a week of teaching music to little boys whose unwilling hands fingered the keys, but whose hearts were on the playing fields. On fine Sundays Bell's long stride took him to its seclusion, where he lay through unbroken afternoons, dreaming the dreams of seventeen.—*From "Alexander Graham Bell," by Catherine Mackenzie.*

Keep your fears to yourself and share your courage with others.—*R. L. Stevenson.*

"GOOD HEALTH" NOTES

Dangers of Speedy Sun Tans

Dr. Charles F. Pabst, dermatologist of Greenpoint Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., warns Sun Tan enthusiasts against bad burns which cause serious illness, sometimes death. He says, "It would be well for all persons desiring a coat of tan to realize that there are certain persons who do not tan. They are exceptionally sensitive to the sun's rays, and burn instead of tan." Dr. Pabst offers rules for guidance to those seeking the fashionable complexion.

1. Acquire a coat of tan gradually by repeated brief exposures to sunlight.
2. Do not sleep on the beach in the direct rays of the sun.
3. If your skin will not tan, you are a "heliophobe," and should avoid the direct rays of the sun.
4. When fishing or sailing, do not forget that water reflects the ultra-violet rays of the sun.
5. In July and August, protect yourself as much as possible from the direct rays of the sun, if you want to avoid illness from sunburn.

* * *

Broadcasting Health Education

Over the radio, Mr. B. B. Richards, of the New York State Department of Health, is spreading the cult of cleanliness. He says the average person desires cleanliness because it gives a sense of personal satisfaction and well-being, and lack of cleanliness lays one open to adverse criticism from others. Personal cleanliness and the cleanliness of one's surroundings have considerable to do with one's health and the health of those with whom one comes in contact.

The word "cleanliness" instantly brings to mind the word "dirt," which has been called "matter out of place." There is a difference, however, between "clean" and "dirty" dirt, or dirt which is harmful and that which is not. Coal dust on the face of a coal-heaver, or a little garden dirt on the hands of a child at play, are examples of dirt which may offend the aesthetic sense, but which is harmless.

An individual whose clothes and person are *habitually* dirty cannot be said to have clean habits, and clean habits affect health. Dirt on the surface of the skin is practically harmless, but if it enters the blood through a cut it may cause infection. Baths are given before surgical operations and the surface to be cut is scrubbed with alcohol or other disinfectants, in order that pus-forming germs may not be carried into the tissues.

The most important form of cleanliness is guarding our mouths from filth, and, unfortunately, we have also to guard against the bad habits of others as well as our own. The most common one is putting fingers into the mouth. Watch your neighbors in trains, theatres and office—watch *yourself* and see how many times you do it. Hands continually touch articles handled by others, and if they have the bad habit of mouth contact with hands, diseases of throat and lungs are transmitted. Don't use your tongue as a sponge for your fingers.

Housewives, cooks, waiters, all who handle or prepare food, should be especially careful. This includes farmers and dairymen responsible for milk, a fine food for germs. Many outbreaks of sore throat, typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases are traced to persons of unclean habits who infect food of others. John Wesley said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." Certainly it is true that it is a cardinal principle of health.

* * *

The Pest of Tent Caterpillars

A simple and effective way of getting rid of tent caterpillars is described by Mr. J. D. Needhams of the New York State College of Agriculture: "Get a stiff wire bottle-brush and fasten it firmly to the tip of a straight cane pole. Fill a pint milk bottle with kerosene and put a wire hanger around its neck for convenient carrying. Dip the brush in the kerosene, stick it in the web of the caterpillars and twist it. The tent will wind up on the brush, caterpillars and all. To clean the brush, rub it against a tree trunk. This will smear the caterpillars with kerosene and kill them. This may be done with clean hands and prevent damage to trees and shrubs through the entire season."

* * *

Cause of Summer Slump in Milk

Flies and hot weather can no longer be blamed for the sharp mid-summer drop in milk yield, according to Dr. W. B. Neven of the University of Illinois, expert on cattle feeding, who says it is because of lack of food, especially protein.

"Good pasture grass is the best food for milk production, but pasture alone is not enough for cows giving large amounts of milk. Hence if they are not supplied with some grains, such cows are likely to lose weight fast. Early in the spring, grass is high in protein, but as it ripens the proportion of protein becomes less." He says good feeders supply their best cows with grain throughout the pasture season. In early spring a mixture of ground corn and oats is satisfactory. Linseed oil, corn-and-cob, and wheat bran are also used. "Liberal feeding during the pasture season helps not only to maintain the milk flow at a high level, but also to keep the cows in much better flesh so that they are in good condition to produce milk when the barn feeding begins."

—Laura C. Donnell.

SO THE POND CAME TO TIMOTHY AND TABITHA

TIMOTHY and Tabitha Toad sat in the shade of the grapevine, and thought that they were quite unhappy. The weather had been very hot for a week, but they had not minded it until today. School being over for the week, they could choose the very coolest parts of the garden to play in, and there were so many fascinating games to be played that really the weather had not mattered.

But today—oh, that was quite another affair. In the first place Mother Toad had gone away to spend the day, and had left Timothy and Tabitha to keep house. At first, it had seemed very interesting and important to be left in charge while Mother was away, and they kept hopping around and around to see that everything was all right.

Then, getting their own lunch had been quite exciting, but after they had eaten it, who should come along but Susy and Sammy Hopper and Johnny Jump, who were Tabitha's very special friends; as well as Tommy Tumble, and Billy Blink and his sister, Betty Blink, who were Timothy's very special friends. And they wanted Timothy and Tabitha to go to the Big Pond with them; and of course they couldn't go, because they were to stay and mind the house while Mother was away. So all their friends had to go on to the pond without them.

When all the gay good-bys had died away, they sat there side by side, under the grapevine leaves, and did not say a word. After a while Timothy stole a glance at Tabitha and saw that her bright eyes were all teary. Timothy, being Tabitha's big brother, thought he ought to do something about that. He thought and he thought of a nice game to play and then he told Tabitha about it. Just at first she did not take much interest in it, but she soon saw what fun there really was in it, and began to be quite excited about playing. It was a guessing game, and after they played that for quite a while, they quickly thought of another, and so the time passed rapidly.

But finally they began to feel sleepy, and before they knew it, they were fast asleep under the grapevine leaves. They did not see the big gray clouds begin to gather, but soon there were so many of them that the sunshine couldn't get through, and it was almost as dark as night.

Pretty soon, one little raindrop came sliding down out of the clouds, and then another, and then a whole pack of them, faster and faster, until the air was just full of them. But Timothy and Tabitha were sound asleep under the grapevine, and the leaves were so thick they never felt the raindrops at all. The raindrops ran this way and that when they reached the earth, looking for a place to hide in, for that is their way, but there were so many of them that they couldn't all find places, and they began to gather together in a little hollow in the garden, and before you could think twice, they had made themselves into a pond.

Suddenly, Tabitha began to wake up. She opened one bright eye a little, and there right before her was the nicest pond that could be imagined. Of course, it was not so large as the Big Pond, but it was quite large enough for them, and their friends too. She just couldn't believe it at all. She shook Timothy as hard as she could, begging him to wake up and see if a pond had really come to them. Timothy finally opened his eyes, and when he saw the pond, he was as much surprised as Tabitha.

"Isn't it a darling little pond, Timmy?" asked Tabitha, hopping up and putting the tip of her toe—they were both of them barefooted, of course—into the water. "It's really water, too," she added, when she felt the wetness and the coolness on her toe. "Where do you suppose it came from?" she asked.

By this time Timothy was sliding into the water himself. "I think it fell down from the clouds," he answered. "Sometimes they do. I am sure I can just remember one, last summer."

What a jolly little pond it was! When their friends came back from the Big Pond, they were able to ask them to stop and play in their own little pond. So when Mother Toad returned from her visit, she found them all playing happily in their brand-new pond.

"I am going out to play in it right after breakfast," said little Tabitha as she went to bed. But when she hopped out into the garden early the next morning, the little pond had run away.

Mother Toad explained to her why it couldn't stay longer, but that it would come back some day when there were enough raindrops, so Tabitha is happily waiting for the next big rain. —*Christian Science Monitor.*

THE wife, awakened by a fire siren, poked her hubby and said, "Wake up, darling, I think the whole town is on fire. The sky is all lit up. Wake up, wake up."

Hubby came to slowly, indolently arose, sleepily felt the four walls of his room, yawned and stretched and murmured to his spouse: "The walls are still cool." and he returned to bed. —*Annapolis Log.*

"WHAT is the greatest water-power known to man?"

"Woman's tears."—*Tawney Kat.*

"WHAT is this 'ice jam' they talk about?"

"Oh, that's what the Eskimos eat on their bread."—*Okla. Whirlwind.*

LOYALTY AND GRATITUDE WHICH HAVE NO LANGUAGE BUT CONDUCT

"Kind Hearts Are More Than Coronets"

In a recent number of the Christian Herald, Rev. Daniel A. Poling, who is editor of that paper, tells a story which illustrates the loyalty of a duck to its mate. He says that two employees of a great New York hotel entered the "pent" house on the roof one morning to repair a leak. As they clambered up the ladder, unexpected wings beat above them.

"Hey, look at the ducks!" said one. On a concrete niche by an open ventilator, wings folded, perched a mallard drake. Points of light glistened upon his purple breast. Above him fluttered his mate, dusky and brown.

After a wild chase both birds were captured. The drake's left wing was helpless. It had been broken by bird shot. No doubt the pair were flying down from Canada when hunters met them on the Hudson. The male had made a brave struggle before giving out above the hotel and seeking refuge in the house on the roof.

A kind fate dropped the pair into the hands of friends. The manager of the hotel on which they made their "forced landing" called in a doctor, who repaired the broken wing. "It would be a shame to eat them," he said, and gave the two asylum until the invalid was ready to take up his journey again. Then both were released and when last seen were winging toward the Southland and freedom.

The female's loyalty to her mate was very beautiful. Duck couples are always devoted. Even when confronted by death, they refuse to be separated.

Dr. Poling confesses that he has lost his zeal for hunting. "Life," says he, "is very precious, very wonderful—life with wings and love and laughter. The more I see of it afield and aloft, scurrying down the lanes of Old New England or singing over the springtime blossoms of a desert, the more I see of it and hear of it, the less inclination I have to destroy even its humblest forms."

This writer sympathizes with Dr. Poling in his views. It has been more than half a century since he has taken the life of an animal or bird, with the single exception of mice and other vermin. He has never hunted game for sport or for food. He can see no sport in it at all, and he would have to be near starvation before he could be induced to kill a harmless animal or fledgeling. He never steps on a crawling worm if he can avoid it. Like the late Senator Vest of Missouri, he has never been reconciled to the fact that the flesh of animals and birds seems to be necessary to the sustaining of human life. It may be a foolish sensitiveness, but it is a growing one. St. Francis is said to have called the birds and the animals his brothers. We are horrified, as was he, at the thought of killing them for sport. We hope sometime to live in a world where the savage blood-shedding instinct which delights in bull fights and prize fights shall be forever abolished.

We wonder if the ducks described by Dr. Poling experienced any sense of gratitude as they flew away. Who can say that they did not? We know that some birds seem to experience gratitude. This is especially true of canaries and parrots. If you have a bird bath in your yard you would think, by the joy they seem to feel in the use of it, that ordinary birds experience the sense of gratitude. If they could speak to you, what do you think they would say? And how about the myriads of doves that are fed in our midst?

We believe that horses and dogs, as well as some sheep and cattle, have a sense of gratitude as well as affection for human beings. Perhaps this is most marked in dogs. The latter often display great loyalty as well as intelligence.

How much does a dog really know? Who can answer this question? One citizen of Greater Boston has a partial answer. He tells the writer a story of a very remarkable display of intelligence and loyalty on the part of a pet dog only one year old. Half a block from this man's house is a very dangerous corner. So dangerous is it that a traffic officer is kept there at the hour when children are going to school. One morning recently this man started for his office, and, as usual, permitted his three-year-old daughter to accompany him as far as the crossing, trundling in front of her a little doll carriage. The pet dog accompanied them. At the crossing the father bade the child good-by and directed her to return home. Going on he kept looking back and waving to her until he saw that she had no intention of returning home. He crossed the street and retraced his steps, the child not observing him. The little girl started to push her doll carriage across the street. The dog placed himself in front of the carriage and she could not push both carriage and dog. She left the handle of the carriage, pushed the dog away, slapping and scolding him. Then she tried again, and again the dog prevented progress. Once more she pushed, slapped and scolded him and a third time tried to cross the street. A third time the dog blocked the way. Then the little girl gave up her attempt and trundled her doll carriage back to her home, the dog trotting along with her. The father, having watched the whole proceeding from a distance, then went on to his office.

A year or two ago Allen Johnson had a poem in the *New York Times* which so touched the heart of this writer that he cut it out and carried it in his vest pocket for many months. It was all about a little white dog that had had its day.

We are going to reprint that poem and if any youthful person reads these lines we hope it will inspire in such an one a more tender feeling for helpless birds and animals, for such feelings are akin to religion if not actually a part of it.

A Little White Dog

Quivering, cold in the by-way there,
Is a little white dog that I pass each day,
Sadly bedraggled his soft, long hair,
And his eyes are closed, for there's none to care;
The world, unmoved by his deep despair,
Goes by in its heedless way.

Brushed by the foot of a passer-by,
Slowly he opens his eyes and then,
Breathing a heart-worn, weary sigh,
Seems to forgive yet wonder why,
But, uttering never a groan or sigh,
He closes his eyes again.

And the wind may whistle its dreariest lay,
Or the sunlight shower its brightest beams,
His eyes see naught of the drab and gray,
And his ears catch none of the laughter gay,
For he's only a dog that has had his day,
And is left alone with his dreams.

Perhaps he dreams of a day when he,
With one he loved, through the woodland wild,
Roamed far and long as he barked his glee
Where the sun-rays kissed every whispering tree;
Perhaps in his dreams he can also see
The face of his friend, a child.

Once his heart was as true as gold,
Firm his faith in the world of men;
Ay, but that was in days of old,
When life seemed shaped in a different mold,
Ere the heart of the child he loved went cold,
In the well-remembered Then.

Life today is a thing to dread;
Only in dreams does he live once more,
Dreams of the days that have long been dead,
Of a fair young face 'neath a gold-crowned head,
And a white little soul that one day fled
Through the mists to a far-off shore.

Quivering, cold in the by-way there,
Pleading for naught as I pass his way,
A little white dog with his soft, long hair,
Is dying in loveless, bleak despair,
But what does the world or its people care
For a dog that has had his day?

—*Boston Transcript.*

Overheard in an old-time San Francisco book store: "Have you 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table'?" "No, but we have several other excellent cook books."

HOME

I want to have a little house
With sunlight on the floor
A chimney with a rosy hearth,
And lilacs by the door;

With windows looking east and west,
And a crooked apple tree,
And room beside the garden fence
For hollyhocks to be.

Oh, all my life I've wandered round,
But the heart is quick in knowing
Its own roof and its own bush
And its own boughs blowing.

And when I find that little house—
At noon or dusk or dawn—
I'll walk right in and light the fire
And put the kettle on!

— *Nancy Byrd Turner.*

HANDKERCHIEFS YIELD A LIVELIHOOD

Starting as a novelty idea, Mrs. Hewer Rochester of Enid, Okla., has built up a fancy handkerchief business which calls for the employment of fourteen trained assistants and sixty piece workers.

Last year more than 50,000 individually executed handkerchiefs were made and embroidered under Mrs. Rochester's direction, every one of them finding a ready sale.

She went into the handkerchief business several years ago when suddenly deprived of all visible means of support. She had long been regarded as an artist in fine embroidery squares. All through the year she would put in her spare time making these handkerchiefs for Christmas gifts.

So Mrs. Rochester carried one of these cobweb creations to the office where she was employed, and a visitor asked whether it would be possible to purchase one of them. Right then and there a handkerchief business was born that has grown by leaps and bounds and gives pleasant employment, to say nothing of substantial pay checks, to many women and girls.

The first year she made 108 handkerchiefs, the next 600, then 1,300, and 3,600, until now she turns out 50,000 a year.

"An interesting angle of the business," says Mrs. Rochester, "is the perpetual search for new designs for the embroidery. I often get ideas from the most unlikely sources. The etching on a sherbet glass, the stitching on the toe of a sports slipper, the carving of a picture frame or the tooling on the back of some old book may give me a valuable idea."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

DR. GRENFELL (which title is so much more familiar than the more grandiloquent Sir Wilfred Grenfell) took another fling at drink recently in his usual forceful, unequivocal manner. He said that alcohol had wrecked more lives, starved more children and murdered more women than any other single factor.

THERE are two things which make us happy in this life if we attend to them. The first is, never to vex ourselves about what we cannot help; and the second, never to vex ourselves about what we can help.—*Chatfield.*

A MAN is like a steel blade. The minute he loses his temper he ceases to be of value to anyone.

THE exceptional man can do the work of the average man in half the time, but, being the exceptional man, he naturally chooses to do twice as much work.

CHILD AND GARDEN

ON all the earth is there a fairer thing
Than a child gardening?
Who, scarcely taller than the border row,
Labors to help his seedling brothers grow—
Young, sturdy plant, as they,
Growing with nourishment of soil and sun,
Unfolding day by day
With them to richly perfect blossoming—one
In graceful kinship with each bud and shoot
And pushing hardy root.

Hair like young leaves, close-curled above the stem
Of slender neck, his flesh
Fragrant, petal-colored, petal-textured, fresh
As the cool flowers he tends—so close to them
A blundering bee, misled,
Aimed for a rose, has brushed against instead
His ruffled golden head.

—*Joan Ramsay.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. Two hundred and thirty-nine are now on our lists.

5. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

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